



Eighth Graders Stage Shakespeare

"The play's the thing," said William Shakespeare. The Bard of Stratford-on-Avon would have, no doubt, been overjoyed if he knew that hundreds of years after his death, his plays were still being performed by amateur theatrical groups. The most recent and certainly the most scintillating performance of Bill's popular *The Merchant of Venice* was that of the MBA Thespians (no relation to the MBA Players). Mr. Paul Cecil B.) Sloan directed the fast-moving play. To enable the play to be fitted in the short time period allotted in assembly, much of the "dead wood" in the play was cut out; so much in fact, that only three scenes were presented on May 14.

In the first scene, Lancelot Gobo (Dick Koonse) a servant of the Jew Shylock, was wrestling with his conscience, trying to decide whether to flee from his master or to remain in arduous servitude. The arrival of his father, Old Gobo (Sam Blind), gives Lancelot a chance to play a humorous joke on his parent, portrayed by Matt Dobson.

The second scene found Salerio and Salanio (Robert Ramsey and Doug Andrews) mouthing proverbs like "What news on the Rialto," "Full stop," "What ho." The entrance of Shylock provides a butt for witty comments like "Devil," "Wine," etc. The Jew was played

by Clive Sell.

The climax was the courtroom scene. Willis Farris, the Jew, and Langley Granberry, Antonio, clashed head on in a legal battle. Shylock, determined to collect his pound of flesh, was defeated by Portia (Yarrott Benz) over a legal technicality of Venetian law.

Much credit is due to Mr. Sloan for his masterful job of directing. Much credit is also due to Tommy Barton for his job in the make-up department. The eighth graders came through splendidly and demonstrated that the MBA Dramatics Club does not have a monopoly on acting talent. *The Merchant of Venice* was an assembly program to be remembered along with "Judge" Elkin Brown and "Operation Crime Prevention."



After remaining serious throughout three arduous scenes, eighth graders break up at curtain call.

Photo by R. Smead

Seniors select future schools

Mike Arnold	Vanderbilt	Richard Cannon	Vanderbilt	Collins Landstreet	Princeton	Morris Rogers	M.T.S.U.
Wen Baugh	Vanderbilt	Summers Chaffin	Vanderbilt	Rick Levy	Purdue	Russ Rose	Duke
Tommy Bernard	Univ. of Okla.	Kinny Cosner	Vanderbilt	Bob Lochte	Bowdoin	Tony Rose	Univ. of Tennessee
Bill Blackman	Birmingham-Southern	Doug Coulter	Univ. of Georgia	Tim Markus	Tulane	Sandy Roth	Vanderbilt
Walter Bond	Vanderbilt	Chris Fort	Univ. of Tennessee	Gary Moats	Univ. of Tennessee	Bob Sadler	Duke
Jimmy Booth	Vanderbilt	Frank Friedman	Univ. of Tenn.	Steve Neff	Harvard	David Salmon	Bowdoin
Lou Bottiggi	Univ. of Tennessee	Tom Groover	Univ. of Chattanooga	Charlie Nelson	Univ. of N. Car.	Tom Schulman	Vanderbilt
John Brittingham	Univ. of Wisc.	John Harlan	Tulane	Dorthe Oldham	Wittenberg Univ.	Doug Small	Purdue
Aaron Brown	Vanderbilt	Jackie Harris	Centre College	Jamie Pace	Univ. of Tennessee	Richard Smead	Vanderbilt
Nicky Burkhalter	Univ. of Tenn.	Sandy Haury	Vanderbilt	Wade Pitts	Univ. of Tennessee	John Stevens	Vanderbilt
Ben Byrd	Princeton	Mike Head	Virginia	Jimmy Porter	Southwestern	Steve Tatum	Univ. of Tennessee
Bill Caldwell	Emory	Larry Herbert	Peabody College	Chris Riddell	Univ. of Mississippi	Mike Tidwell	Vanderbilt
James Campbell	Vanderbilt	Lenny Kestenbaum	Vanderbilt	Tom Ruddy	Dartmouth	Penn Waugh	Sewanee
		Gus Kuhn	Univ. of Pennsylvania	Phillip Robinson	Univ. of Tenn.	Jack Weil	Tulane
						Paul Worley	Vanderbilt

Rule tapped for Totomoi

"Integrity, loyalty, service," is the official motto of Totomoi, MBA's honorary fraternity. These words fit no man so aptly as Mr. James C. Rule, mathematics teacher at MBA. At the recent spring tapping for Totomoi, Mr. Rule became the 117th member of that organization. The honor is one greatly deserved by this man, who through the years has contributed so much time, effort, and talent to Montgomery Bell Academy.

Mr. Rule, after running the newspaper in Erwin, Tennessee for three years, arrived on the Hill in 1944 and taught for the final twelve weeks of that school year. His first full year was 1944-45, at which time he became head coach of the varsity tennis team. During his twenty-three year tenure as coach, Mr. Rule's teams compiled an unbelievable record of 22 NIL championships in 23 years, losing only once to Lipscomb in 1962. Mr. Rule initiated and named the

(Continued on page 8)

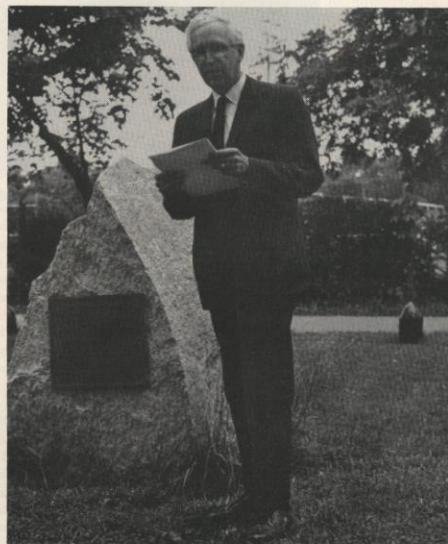


Photo by J. Campbell

Mr. Rule sings melodious ballads to a fellow cornerstone of the school. Mr. Rule, over twenty-four years of teaching, has proved himself one of MBA's most outstanding men.

Kirkpatrick, Peerman to lead school

"The elections shall take place in the spring of the year," decrees the newly adopted student Council Constitution. Bowing to the iron dictates of the law, the MBA Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior Classes met in convention assembled on the afternoon of May 23 to choose next year's Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Class officers respectively.

In addition to their being held in the spring instead of the usual fall, the elections differed from those of past years in several ways. First, they were done all at one time instead of piecemeal as before; second, each nominated candidate was required to leave the room after his nomination while the members of the class discussed the relative merits of the various contenders.

After the dust had settled, it was found that president of next year's Senior Class and student body is to be Brett Kirkpatrick; Honor council president will be Gordon Peerman. The remaining Senior officers are Dave Alexander, vice-president; Bert Dale, sec-

etary; and Larry Brown, treasurer. Also representing the Class of '69 on the Honor Council will be Barry Banker, Barrett Sutton, and Mac Pirkle.

After a three-way deadlock and several ballots, the Sophomore Class decreed that next year's Junior Class president will be Bill Floyd; vice-president will be Mike Regen; secretary will be John Gibson; and treasurer, Tom Nesbitt. On the Honor Council will be Billy Frist, Ed Milam, and Jay Ramsey.

The president of next year's Sophomore Class will be Bill Peerman. The Freshmen also chose to lead them Ted McCarley (vice-president), Ed Pirtle (secretary), and Ben Mabry (treasurer). On the Honor Council will be Gep Nelson and Bob Murphy.

Thus do the lower classes of MBA look forward to the future leadership of the school. Under the leadership of Kirkpatrick and Peerman, MBA should continue the fine traditions of leadership begun by the Class of '68 and its predecessors.

Service Club Reviewed

After attending the last movie sponsored by the Service Club, on May 18, several writers of the BELL RINGER staff took notice of the lack of interest in this organization by many of its own members. In view of this fact, it perhaps might be worthwhile to consider the membership qualifications of the Service Club and even the value of this organization to the school. Our reason for concern was the fact that only four Service Club members made up the disappointing gathering of students and their dates that watched *Breket*, a motion picture rented at \$100. Had all twenty members really attempted to promote this endeavor instead of making assembly announcements and attended the movie themselves, a much larger crowd would have been guaranteed. When questioned about showing this film that night, two members replied they had forgotten all about it!

The purpose of the club has been to contribute service to the school. Yet except for furnishing some benches and collecting money for the March of Dimes, the club has done little to aid the school. The club was supposed to collect money for the basketball game, but on several occasions, students not in the Service Club had to take over this chore.

Supposedly, membership in the Service Club is open to any Sophomore, Junior, or Senior (up to a certain quota) who is deemed by the existing members as a possible asset to the club in giving service to the school. Yet in the past few years, membership has been awarded mainly to varsity football players. One student was awarded membership after having been enrolled at MBA for less than a month. In this manner students who have been enrolled at MBA for a long period of time and have established a record of service to the school in other extra-curricular activities are passed over for varsity athletes and members of a certain high school fraternity.

If a club is desired for varsity athletes, a Letterman Club should be established, as has been done in many public schools, but membership in the Service Club should be reserved for students who contribute to the school in ways other than on Frank Andrews Field, for instance students who faithfully support all school-sponsored endeavors. The Club should eradicate the present method of choosing members and set up membership on a strict basis of past service to the school. Since there is of course no theoretical limit to the number of boys who can contribute substantially to MBA, the rigid numerical quotas for the Service Club should be abolished. In practice, however, the number of students who have shown definite willingness to put in long hours for the school without hope of reward is fairly small; but anyone who has proved himself willing to dedicate time to the school should be awarded membership in the Service Club.

Certainly this club could be a valuable asset to MBA were its organization and membership policies modified. Then might the Service truly do what it was intended to do, serve the school and all its endeavors whenever asked.

THE BELL RINGER

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Layout Editor: GUS KUHN



Once upon a time, there was a great costume party in the tiny kingdom of Wilsonia. This was the king's annual bash, and people from all the neighboring principalities came to the party. The guest list was made up, and the food was prepared. A band was employed to furnish the entertainment. At last came the night of the party, and everyone was dressed up in a different costume. The king and queen of Wilsonia entered down the stairs after all the guests had arrived. The king was dressed up like Snow White and the queen like a poisoned apple. All the guests thought the king and queen looked absolutely smashing. The party raged on until 3 a.m. The king went outside the castle to get a breath of fresh air. As the king, dressed up like Snow White, walked outside, an ogre grabbed him and carried him to the ogre's horse. Ogres' being very stupid, he naturally thought the king was really Snow White. Having tied the king (alias Snow White) to his horse, the ogre got on and rode off into the darkness. All the guests had heard the commotion and had come out to see what was going on. All they saw was the horse riding off into the moonlight. A knight at the party rushed to his horse to give pursuit. Despite the fact that he was in a delicate position (he was, you understand, a modest social drinker), he finally overtook the ogre and captured him. The knight then rushed over and grabbed the king and moved him from the ogre's horse to his own horse. By this time, the knight was sauced, and he also thought the king was Snow White. As both of them rode off into the dawnlight, the king, quite disgusted said, "My mother warned me about days like this, but never about these knights!"

Critique

In approaching critically a work of such complexity and dense thought, let us first of all begin with the title. It becomes immediately apparent that the author, at least initially, has failed. The title in the first place is not exactly four words long; in the second place, it is not a concrete image, and, most unpardonable of all, it is not a quotation from *The Scarlet Letter*!

In attempting to grasp the meaning behind the story, it should first of all be noted that of course the tale is no more about a king's being abducted from a costume party than *Moby Dick* is about a whale. Let us look into the significance of the names. From *king*, we get *kin*, meaning relative or relation. Immediately we know that the story will contain comment on the relativity of truth, knowledge, etc. *Ogre* gives us *groce* (more commonly spelled *groce*); once again, the author foreshadows another of his great themes: growth to maturity—this story has much to say about the old code and the new code, and the need for balance in our lives.

Look now at the opening line. The soft sound of the *e* in *once* is followed closely by the hard *p* of *upon*, a blatant indication that it will be a hard story.

The author tells his story by effective use of dramatic scenes, linked by historical narrative and also of organic unity through repetition. (As we know, all great literature is composed of parallelism and contrasts.)

The author should also be noted for his scenic objectivity and terseness (shades of Hemingway). The imagery in this story falls into three general categories. First, wonderful mathematics imagery (shades of *Oedipus Rex*). "The party raged on until 3 a.m.," "king and queen" (equation imagery); *ogre* = X; *king* = X, etc. A second class is nature imagery, wonderfully varied: the ogre took the king to his "horse"; the king went out for a breath of "fresh air." The third is of course snake imagery: the queen was like a "poisoned apple.")

What makes the story a legend is the author's elaborate use of local color and dialect: he pictures the warm-hearted (and light-headed) humanity. Notice also the brilliant contrasts: light vs. dark, old vs. new, material vs. spiritual, knowledge vs. ignorance, dry vs. wet.

Wilsonia, like Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, is a vehicle for the depiction of the universal human condition. Elaborate preparations symbolize the pomp of the materialistic world. The king's Snow White disguise is representative of his naive innocence, highly susceptible to machinations of a corrupt and vicious queen. We thus have at the outset a picture of man, pure and innocent, being set up for the kill by rigid, mechanical society.

The ogre, as will be seen, is the true hero of the story. He is paradoxically and ambiguously both guilty and innocent, saint and sinner, devil and angel. He committed a crime, yes, but at least his was a crime of passion and love, not of hatred and not the moral isolation of another human being.

Laurels for administration

"To be great is to be misunderstood," once asserted Ralph Waldo Emerson. While it is debatable the extent to which Mr. Carter and the MBA administration are misunderstood, there should be no question as to its greatness. In every possible way and in every available field, Mr. Carter has done his best to bring excellence to Montgomery Bell Academy. It has been largely through his patience, dedication, initiative, concern, and willingness to work, that MBA occupies the prominent position that it does in the American educational system.

For example, even though few boys realize it, it is a tremendous financial burden on the school to be able to support such a competitive and comprehensive athletic program for such a small number of students. The athletic program requires some \$50,000 per year to operate. It is especially difficult for Mr. Carter to finance the baseball team, which costs the school substantial sums yet brings in no gate receipts.

A second example of Mr. Carter's dedication to his students is in the field of scholarships. Again, although many students are ignorant of the fact, MBA has a scholarship fund which it maintains through the initiative of Mr. Carter and the cooperation of the alumni. This fund provides tuition money, either in whole or in part, for boys who would otherwise find it difficult or impossible to afford to come to MBA.

Many courses at MBA too would not be available to students were it not for the understanding of Mr. Carter. The biology and especially the chemistry and physics departments require large sums of money to maintain, again for a relatively small number of students. The new laboratory course for physics, instituted in the fall of 1966, cost nearly \$2000, money that Mr. Carter had to raise for the school.



Nelson pops hubcaps from Isadora for use on his newly-acquired SS 396 Chevelle.

The Patrick Wilson Library, while undeniably an invaluable asset to the school, has not arrived without its special problems, most of which fell squarely on Mr. Carter's shoulders. Countless architectural problems arose, all demanding Mr. Carter's time and effort: during construction, much of the lawn of Wallace Hall was torn up, which Mr. Carter himself has largely replaced; on top of this situation came a painters' strike at a key time during work. Also, the library, while its construction was a gift from Mrs. Potter, will have to be maintained, at a likely cost of several thousand dollars per year, hence placing an ever-increasing burden on Mr. Carter in years to come.

The student government at MBA too owes much to Mr. Carter personally. Mr. Carter has allowed the students, through duly elected Student Council and Honor Council representatives, to have a major voice in crucial disciplinary matters and virtually the sole voice in deciding upon violations of the Honor Code. This year, Mr. Carter has allowed the Student Council the power to police the various campus clubs, a duty formerly not even reserved for the Administration; he has also given the Student Council the major role in deciding on its own constitutional powers and formulating policies for the new library. For this, MBA boys should be grateful, for in most schools the student government's only function is the planning of social events.

Thus do the students of MBA owe much more than they can ever realize to Mr. Carter personally for his administration of MBA. If some students complain that Mr. Carter is too inaccessible to complainers, it is only because he is dedicated to the continuous improvement of the school. As Mr. Carter himself so aptly put it, "I have good reasons for everything I do; I just don't have time to explain them to everybody individually."

"Soapy" cleans up

Paul ("Soapy") Freeman, an Eighth Grader, is another of many students who have brought laurels to MBA this first spring of the second century. On May 26, he became the 1967-68 champion speller on WLAC-TV's local program "Spelldown." The modern-day equivalent of the old-fashioned spelling bee, "Spelldown" is a rigorous test of the orthographic skills of grade-school students throughout Middle Tennessee. Paul competed against and vanquished all of the program's winners of the 1967-68 season to become the year's champion.

During the competition earlier in the year, he had won an Atlas for himself. For his victory in the championship, Paul, along with Mrs. Bowen, who had taught him, was awarded the 1968 set of the World Book Encyclopedia for the school.

The Bell Ringer is proud to acknowledge this major scholastic accomplishment of Paul Freeman and to congratulate him for the gifts he has won for himself and for MBA.

Library hosts art exhibit

On May 21, the Senior Class of MBA hosted the first open house of the Patrick Wilson Library. Open to mothers of students as well as to any friends of the school, the event also included a superb art display centered in the audio-visual room and extending into the front hall and the balcony. The display was taken from works of the MBA art classes under the supervision of Mrs. Lequire and included paintings, drawings, and sculptures.

The winner of the Blue Ribbon (Pabst, that is) was Mr. Novak for his intensely meaningful and abstract art.

After taking punch on the front lawn, visitors were conducted on tours through the nearly-completed structure. The event was marked a milestone in the history of Montgomery Bell Academy, being the first practical application of the vast facilities offered in the new library, which promises to be one of the most magnificent and most useful additions to the present campus.

"Judge" captivates students

On Friday, May 10, the students of MBA were given a real insight into the world of country music. Elkin (The Judge) Brown, long-time student activist and passive promoter of school good will, gave a little song and dance routine intermingled with witty monologue and fast patter that earned him a cherished place in the ranks of MBA talent.

After wringing bitter tears from the audience with two sad songs, "21416" and one other, Elkin vowed both students and faculty with one of his own classics, "The Type," which portrayed some fictitious character whom no one could recognize. His last number "The Chickens They Grow Tall in Arkansas," the lyrics of which were not exactly taken from hymnals, brought the house down (in more ways than one), and sent everyone off in a merry mood to face the rigors of another day on the Hill.

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Little Richie fuels up revolutionary new 345 flower-power engine in his Mustang (we all wondered how it ran anyway).

Discussion Club visits leading citizens

Michel de Montaigne, a Sixteenth-Century French Philosopher once said, "The most fruitful and natural exercise of our mind is . . . conversation." For him, a good discussion was the only way in which he could contest his own thoughts with the opinions of others in his search for truth. The MBA Discussion Club, in its meetings with various outstanding persons in the Nashville area, seems to be an embodiment of his philosophy.

Organized by Mrs. Fryer in 1966, the Discussion Group is one of the most exclusive organizations on campus. This year's club has made several visits to the homes of Nashvillians to share their experiences. The first sojourn was to the Brentwood home of Mr. Paul Sloan, a teacher at MBA. Mr. Sloan, who had worked on a construction project in California the previous summer, and a friend had floated down a very dangerous stretch of the Middle Fork of the Feather River. Local talk had it that no attempts to shoot the rapids through that canyon had ever proved successful. Mr. Sloan, however, completed the feat in a matter of days—supposedly the first ever to accomplish this. The various pictures of

the journey as well as Mr. Sloan's excellent explanations proved to be a superb introduction to this year's club activity.

The next visit was to the country home of Mr. Jim Leeson, noted authority on the racial question. The group was fascinated by Mr. Leeson's interesting home, which includes a large collection of antique clocks and several excellent paintings. After dinner, the conversation turned to Mr. Leeson's recent visit to London and his study of the racial issue in England, and to other past experiences. Recently, the Club returned to his home to continue the conversation of the previous visit. Both evenings proved extremely interesting experiences which will long be remembered by the group.

The third journey of the Club was to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway where the group met with Mr. Datt from India. A Christian from the Methodist Mission School in India, Mr. Datt had traveled to Ethiopia and later to the United States to do graduate work in library science at Peabody. At this meeting the Club watched slides of Mr. Datt's many travels and listened to his many experiences in India.



Editors screen candidates for next issue's Belle, after coming up with a real winner this time.

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Alumni News

The Bell Ringer is always anxious to bring news of the alumni of MBA and their activities and successes to the student body. For, as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out, the test of the greatness of any school is how "it helped men of lofty natures to make good their faculties." This column reports that a number of former MBA boys have made good, bringing credit to both themselves and their alma mater.

Tom Forehand (Class of 1964) has won the CAR National Oratorical Contest in Washington, D. C. with an original paper entitled *Burning Patriotism*. He represented the Southwestern section of the United States, defeating eight other contestants. Tom is now a senior in the School of Journalism at the University of Tennessee and will graduate in December of this year.

At Northwestern University, John Fraser Orman (Class of '62) was awarded the Honor of Distinguished Scholar of the Graduate School of Business in 1968. He was also invited to join Beta Gamma Sigma, an honorary fraternity which is the business equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa. Founded in 1913, Beta Gamma Sigma is the only honorary society recognized by the American Association of Collegiate Schools of Business.

Rick Evans, president of MBA's Class of 1965, was recently elected to the Raven Society at the University of Virginia. Rick's election to the honorary society was in recognition of his "high scholastic attainments and of service to the University of Virginia." The Raven Society, analogous to MBA's Totomoi (of which Rick is also a member), is an honor society composed of men from all departments of the University who have shown not only outstanding academic achievements but also constructive contributions to the extracurricular activities of the school. Alumni and faculty members are also elected each year. Rick was also elected president of the student body of the University of Virginia.

The staff of the Bell Ringer wishes to extend its congratulations and the congratulations of all associated with MBA to these outstanding alumni. It is hoped, with very reasonable ground, that these young men will be the leaders of tomorrow's society.

Hollins' Heroes sweep state

"You will now be given two minutes before you surrender your papers." This rather ominous warning was given not at Stalag 17, Alcatraz, or Sing Sing as might initially be supposed, but rather at the conclusion of the state French examination, given by the National Association of Teachers of French. Upon their surrender, these papers were graded by Mrs. Hollins and Mrs. Vest; the best papers in each division were then submitted to the state board, which picked the best ones in the state.

MBA was especially fortunate this year to garner five of the state-wide places. In French IA (first year French boys who were taking French for the first time), Craig Sargeant took 1st place; in French IB (first year French for boys who had previously been exposed to the language), Larry Schull won 2nd; Bruce Crabtree won 2nd place in French II, while Barrett Sutton grabbed 3rd in French III, and Steve Neff stole 2nd in French IV.

These boys will have their papers forwarded to the district contest which includes several states. The Bell Ringer congratulates these five students and wishes them success in the higher competition.

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Last Will and Testament

I, Mike Arnold, leave my ham radio set to John Testament.
 I, Wen Baugh, leave Fonde to Felix.
 I, Tommy Bernard, leave my jeep to Friedman's war surplus.
 I, Bill Blackman, leave my cabin to Daniel Boone.
 I, Walter Bond, leave Barbara—oh, no I don't!
 I, Jimmy Booth, leave for the Ford Theater.
 I, Lou Bottiggi, leave my lunch-hour breaks to Mart Nunneley.
 I, John Brittingham, leave the Bennett Cerf Handshake to Hugh Cunningham.
 I, Aaron Brown, leave my Springfield Stompers to Mike Denson.
 I, Nicky Burkhalter, leave my love ability to David Toma.
 I, Ben Byrd, leave my physique to Pope Wilson.
 I, Bill Caldwell, leave my amorous abilities to the Class of '69.
 I, Jim Campbell, leave my refrigerator to Mac Pirkle.
 I, Richard Cannon, leave my string bass and trumpet to the MBA Marching Band.
 I, Summers Chaffin, leave my Harpeth Hall classes to Barry Banker.
 I, Kinny Cosner, leave my bloody eggs to Mrs. Lowry.
 I, Doug Coulter, leave for Greece.
 I, Ricky Dyer, left for the doctor's office and never returned.
 I, Chris Fort, leave my fifth year of high school to Lee Steinhouse.
 I, Frank Friedman, leave to defend the homeland.
 I, Tom Groover, leave my crystal-clear mentality to Richard Downey.
 I, John Harlan, leave my fluent French to Elkin Brown.
 I, Sandy Haurly, leave a season's football pass to Charlie Tyard.
 I, Jackie Harris, leave my Shirley Temple Dancing Act to Mrs. Ridgway.
 I, Mike Head, leave my wardrobe to Vernon Vis.
 I, Larry Herbert, leave my Service Club movies to whoever will watch them.
 I, Lenny Kestenbaum, leave my smile to Mike Denson.
 I, Gus Kuhn, leave my left-wing, radical ideas to Henry Walker.
 I, Collins Landstreet, leave scratching.
 I, Ricky Levy, leave my briefcase to Ricky Rourk.
 I, Bob Lochte, leave my sterling wit to Bill Husband.
 I, Tim Markus, leave my skin to Harold Brittingham.
 I, Gary Moats, leave my satch to Palmer Jones.
 I, Steve Neff, leave my Bob Dylan haircut to Tommy Crain.
 I, Charlie Nelson, leave Libby Core.
 I, Dortch Oldham, leave my good times in Paris to Blair Wilson.
 I, Jamie Pace, leave my curls to Jason and the Argonauts.
 I, Wade Pitts, leave my racing forms to Mr. Clyde Phillips.
 I, Jimmy Porter, leave Mr. Riggins to Bud Curtis.
 I, Chris Riddell, leave Mimi to the interns.
 I, Tom Roady, leave George Desevelos' dissipation to Berry Holt.
 I, Philip Robinson, leave my commuting to Phil Cockrill.
 I, Morris Rogers, leave my golf clubs to Bert Dale.
 I, Russ Rose, leave my respect for Mike Tidwell to Charlie Tygard.
 I, Tony Rose, leave my weekly milk run to Ray Manning.
 I, Sandy Roth, leave my red tuxedo to Loren Glasser.
 I, Bobby Sadler, leave my Richard Burton picture to Mrs. Lowry's Hall of Fame.
 I, David Salmon, leave my stitches to Frank Blair.
 I, Tommy Schulman, leave my 396 Chevelle to my mother.
 I, Doug Small, leave my point-grubbing shovel to Robert Magruder.
 I, Dick Smead, leave it out.
 I, John Stevens, leave on date with Jackie Daniels.
 I, Steve Tatum, leave with rice in my hair.
 I, Mike Tidwell, leave MHL to the Pre-dawn Leftist.
 I, Penn Waugh, leave my white socks to Mart Nunneley.
 I, Jack Weil, leave for the House of the Rising Sun.
 I, Paul Worley, leave my SPO lavalier to Bob Tigert.



It is with shameless tears and a heavy heart that this writer pens the final episode of the Senior Class news. However, in such a time of grief and sorrow, one must turn his eyes to the rising sun of tomorrow and to the events which the graduating seniors at MBA will experience in their next four (or five, as the case may be) years of college. Indeed the Class of '68 has been well-prepared to meet the daily traumas which awaits it in the future. What senior could pick up the comic section of the paper and fail to perceive the dichotomy of Dick Tracy's soul, or Little Orphan Annie's search for identity. Enriched with AP History, the graduating senior will be able to discuss in forty minutes or less with his date whether or not "Silver Dick" Bland would have dropped the bomb on Hiroshima had he been President of the United States. Or if the senior has been a member of the regular history class, he will be able to stomp the bartender at Mario's by ordering a Gin Rickey. Any French IV student will be delighted to tell a person how to create, maintain, and terminate a Buhonic Plague all in French.

If calculus is the graduating senior's forte, he will immediately recognize that $\frac{1}{a^2 + u^2}$ is roughly the equivalent of $\frac{1}{a}$. Arctan $\frac{u}{a} + C$ if such an equation should pop up on a fraternity pledge test. Upon request, a physics student will look at a

hydrogen spectrum of a space and will be able to tell by the shift in the blue wave length that the universe is flying apart.

Even though each member of the graduating class is brimming with such pragmatic knowledge that will benefit him for years to come, he is not filled with hubris (or hybris, either one is correct). He only too well realizes that with overbearing pride he might end up poking his eyes out or being burned at the stake as a witch. No, the MBA senior will leave as the whole man, having kissed the feet of Mr. Carter after receiving a signed (hopefully) diploma at Commencement.

Little Richie

Senior Words of Wisdom

Lochte: I'm going to be exempt in French.
 Robinson: Tidwell is the mangiest, most gross . . .

Chaffin, Levy, Rose, and Small: We are the boys from Harpeth Hall/And we don't give a . . .

Cosner: Me and Worley.
 Campbell: Cosner and I are going to stock the refrigerator.

Small: Come on, Magilla. She's not a bad girl.
 Weil: Blah.

Kuhn: Give 'em jobs!
 Cannon: Wait 'till next year.

Riddell: Merry Christmas for Christ's sake.

Mr. Carter: Take it easy, Brittingham.
 Kestenbaum: Hey, is French over yet?
 Rogers: Get in that hole.
 Smead: The fuzz'll never catch me.
 Brown: They'd better catch him.
 Landstreet: I've been Zagered.



Photo by Big Dick

Senior Class climbs to new heights, inspired by the banner of an old friend.

Senior Class Prophecy

Mike Arnold will be station manager for WVOL.

Wen Baugh will be the winner of the Grand National Drag Races.

Tommy Bernard will be bartender at the Deaderick Street Tavern.

Bill Blackman will be a forest ranger at the Great Northern Alaska State Park.

Walter Bond will be curator of Mrs. Lowry's Hall of Fame.

Jimmy Booth will be searching for the Red-headed Eater.

Lou Bottiggi will be an organ-grinder in Little Italy, New York City.

John Brittingham will be an instructor and demonstrator at the Brittingham Birth Control Center.

Aaron Brown will be chairman of the board of Wilson Quick Drug Stores.
 Nicky Burkhalter will be doing a ten-year sentence for bigamy.

Ben Byrd will go on a crash diet to lose three hundred pounds.

Bill Caldwell will play defensive tackle for the Detroit Lions.

Jim Campbell will be cleaning kegs at the Budweiser Breweries.

Richard Cannon, head of Money-grubbing Capitalists, Inc., will singlehandedly cause the Depression of 1993.

Summers Chaffin will teach molecular biology at Harpeth Hall.

Kinny Cosner will replace the bald eagle on the American silver dollar.

Doug Coulter will compare combs with Lew Alcindor in Brylcreme commercials.

Chris Fort will demonstrate chest stretchers for Wilson Sporting Goods.

Frank Friedman will replace Alfred E. Newman as *Mad Magazine's* cover man.

Tom Groover will be a substitute for broken-down IBM computers.

John Harlan will be sipping mint juleps on the verandah of a Southern plantation in Charleston, S.C.

Jackie Harris will produce church films.

Sandy Haurly will be Exhibit A in the next Scopes Trial.

Mike Head will fail his state exam for Certified Public Accountant.

Larry Herbert will be in constant search of a baby-sitter for his eight children.

Lenny Kestenbaum will replace Curley Joe in the Three Stooges.

Gus Kuhn will be president of United Anarchists Associates.

Collins Landstreet will be in traction for thirteen months having completed a double gainer with a full twist off of the penthouse of his New York apartment.

Ricky Levy will be hog butcher for the world.

Bob Lochte will take a sabbatical from life after five years.

Tim Markus will be seen giving skin at his inaugural address.

Gary Moats will be pushing broom at Fisk University.

Steve Neff will be the junior Senator from New Mexico.

Charlie Nelson will be ball-boy for tennis pro Steve Tatum.

Dortch Oldham will sell dictionaries in Southern France.

Jamie Pace will own Bishop's Hair Styling Salon.

Wade Pitts will be pari-mutuel manager for Hialeah Race Track.

Jimmy Porter will be a topless waiter at Diamond Jim's.

Chris Riddell will play the lead in *The Martin Luther King Story*.

Tom Roady will be a professional car thief.

Philip Robinson will be Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan.

Morris Rogers will be head caddy at Shelby Park Golf Course.

Russ Rose will be the social chairman at Central State Hospital.

Tony Rose will be a costermonger selling spaghetti on the streets of New York City.

Sandy Roth will be the head wrangler on the Marlboro commercials.

Bobby Sadler will become a millionaire selling left-handed baseballs.

David Salmon will be chief headshrinker in the Fiji Islands.

Tommy Schulman will be a professional cross-country runner.

Doug Small will be tapped into Totomoi for donating \$5 million to the school.

Richard Smead will be head driver for the International Porsche Racing Team.

John Stevens will be president of Goodyear Rubber Company.

Steve Tatum will be road tester for the Goodyear Rubber Company.

Mike Tidwell will patent M. G. Tidwell's Magic Elixir for the Removal of Freckles and the Cure of 1001 other Bodily Ills.

Penn Waugh will be the new star of *George of the Jungle*.

Jack Weil will found Pat O'Well's in New Orleans and will invent a new drink, the Monsoon.

Paul Worley will be a floorpop.

Bransford, Sharp, Wallace & Co.

3312 West End Avenue

Senior Tea Leaves

NAME	NICKNAME	WHERE FOUND	HEARD SAYING	AMBITION	LATENT FEAR
M. Arnold	Ham man	Home in bed	"I talked to Barry Goldwater on my radio last night"	Captain Midnight II	Kissing
W. Baugh	Charger	at Rayco	"Sure, I can hold my liquor"	Indianapolis 500	Tiger Joe
T. Bernard	Fearless Fly	At the Temple	"I drive a classy car"	To be a pawnbroker	Crucifixion
B. Blackman	Black	At the cabin	"I'm going to kill six deer this winter"	To canoe across the Atlantic Ocean	Richard Creek
W. Bond	WB; Lover-boy; Waldo	With the wife	"I'm going to kill Pitts!"	To have a family	Being taken out of MHL's Hall of Fame
J. Booth	John Wilkes	With Jackson Nameth	"I only date redheads."	To get into MHL's Hall of fame.	Tornadoes
L. Bottiggi	Dago; Beau-greasy	At Shoney's at lunchtime	"I'm going to art class, Mrs."	To tell a decent joke	The Student Council
J. Brittingham	JB; Candidate for a diploma	At Club Brittingham	"Ohhhhh, Maaaahn."	To own a grass farm	Having to work for a living
A. Brown	Air-horn; Duck	At J. P. Brown #2, Dickerson Rd.; with Wallman	"I screwed that test"	To be a soda jerk	The gang from the East Side
N. Burkhalter	Hot-lips; Don Juan	On Broad	"Boy, my lips hurt."	Polygamy	Dancing at the Bridge Club
B. Byrd	Dr. Byrd; BB	On the links	"I'm going to art class, Mrs. Vest."	To par Pebble Beach	RLS
B. Caldwell	Wild Bill	Not in study hall	"Hop in fellas; I'll take you for a ride."	To press 80 pounds; to be five feet tall	The MBA Senior Class
J. Campbell	James Creveling; Tanker	In the darkroom with Smead	"I should be photography editor."	Smead's job	Having his icebox discovered
R. Cannon	Charlie T.; Little Richie; Gus	Kingston Springs Talent Show	"How would you like to buy a utility rack, cheap?"	To explain the symbolism of <i>In Cold Blood</i> to Mrs. Lowry.	Chewing gum in his trumpet
S. Chaffin	Goodloe	Harpeth Hall Biology Class	"Hey, Cannon, turn your news in tomorrow."	To get invited to a wild party	To have the Falcon stolen
K. Cosner	Coz; Kosher; the Baby Eagle	Body building at Cosmo	"But I'm NOT Jewish."	To be place-kicker for Vanderbilt	Eagle-hunters
D. Coulter	Dougile-Joe; Dirty	Sacking at Cooper & Martin's	"Squawk!"	To star in a Ban commercial	Soap and water
C. Fort	Spider	Poaching in the park	"Hey, Dougie, raise your left arm!"	Get his assembly seat changed	Losing weight
F. Friedman	Fat Frank; Superjew	Schwartz's	"They shoot Jews in Belle Meade!"	To save 10,000 pennies	Arabs
T. Groover	The dreamer; Oedipos	In the new library on Saturday night; with Bottiggi at Shoney's	"Honest, Mr. Crowell, I'll turn it in next week."	To get off of Cloud 9	Completion of library
J. Harlan	Cod man	At Warner Park Drive-In	"For \$10, what can you expect?"	To take on Jackie Fargo	A "Dear Dad" letter from Oklahoma
J. Harris	Jackson Nameth	Watching church films	"Centre is fabulous!"	To be like T. Tommy	Duke Elam
S. Haury	Bun Man; Magilla; Sandal	Followed by Small	"Who put this banana in my locker?"	To kill Loren Glasser	Fire; Barbara Adams
M. Head	Richard	With Dorch	"I'm always aHead."	To be a CPA	Bobby Kennedy landslide
L. Herbert	A-bear	On Antioch Pike	"I hate you, Tidwell."	To fill Mr. Rule's shoes	The Park Patrol
L. Kestenbaum	Smiley; 85	Asleep in history class	"But Mr. Carter, I <i>was</i> awake."	To star on "Laugh-in"	Megaphones
G. Kuhn	alienated radical; Pinko; Anarchist	At SDS meetings; on the Poor Peoples' March	"You bigot; you right-winger; you money-grubbing capitalist; you conservative!"	To exterminate all bigots	John Birchers; Wallace in the White House.
C. Landstreet	Dum-dum; Itchy; Eater; Tweedledum	With Tweedledee	"Huh?"	The Olympics	Belly-flop
R. Levy	Levi	At Mrs. Lowry's final exam	"Now this is what I think, Mrs. Lowry."	Exemption	Redheads
B. Lochte	Grow Dee	With Wade Sutton, Jim Sugg, and Philip Jones	"Have I told you the joke about. . ."	To take over Sam Fleming's job	Being too shy
T. Markus	Mack Lee; Mackus	Giving skin	"Gimme some skin, maahn."	To beat Joe Namath in the skin rating	Shedding his Skin
G. Moats	The Satch	At the Complaint Department; at the MBA Club	"I'm putting you in the MBA Club, Tidwell."	"Ode to Dougie Joe" in the top ten	Roth doing an imitation of Moats
S. Neff	Stevie Wonder; Sophocles	Leaving campus without permission	"Don't gimme none, Brown."	To know the junior senator from New Mexico	<i>The Scarlet Letter</i>
C. Nelson	Chas; Chuck; Possum; Tweedledee	With Dumdum; on the courts	"Landstreet, you fool."	Davis Cup	Big Jeannie
D. Oldham	The Rat	With the Nadine Singers	"When I was in France last summer. . ."	To get into the Nadine Singers	Handkerchiefs
J. Pace	Homer; Weirido; Scribble-head	In his Psychadelic basement	"Hey, Johnny S."	Straight hair; Dr. Zorba	"I ain't afraid of nothin'—except chemistry."
W. Pitts	Wado; Greenie	At the racetrack; on the beach	"I can do it in study hall."	To outdo Earl Scruggs	The sun; the Mafia
J. Porter	Poita; Tater; Jo-Jo; Peanut	At the farm; on the mats; in the Emergency Room at Vanderbilt Hospital	"Me and Blackman. . ."	To be a sumo wrestler	Fair fight; making a decision
C. Riddell	Riddle; Slick	In a new car every week	"No lie." "I never get any decent blocks."	Ole Miss women	Vanderbilt weirdos
T. Roady	Raunchy	Not in his Chevelle 396 SS	"OK, Mrs. Fryer, I'll keep the library quiet for you."	To keep Caldwell in study hall	car thieves; Johnny Bennett
P. Robinson	Flip; Orthopedic	Commuting	"Blackman, you. . ."	To be an undertaker	Aggressive women
M. Rogers	Redneck; Reese	With the caddies at McCabe	"I can beat Byrd."	PGA	Three putts; sand traps
R. Rose	Roussell	Running from Tidwell	"I am <i>not</i> naive." "I got my new <i>Avant Garde</i> today."	To be understood	Tidwell
T. Rose	Antonio; Rooster	Making mayonnaise; at Club Sneed; at Cosa Nostra meetings	"Hey, where's the action this weekend?" "Hey, Felix, come here."	Hugh Hefner's job	Crazy Jane; basketball games
S. Roth	Dino; Twink; Sanford	Inside a red tuxedo	(Ask Gary Moats.)	Neuro surgery	Dump trucks; Gary Moats
B. Sadler	Theodore	On the mound	"Hey, Mrs. Fryer, gimme some skin."	Getting some skin from Mrs. Fryer	Four balls
D. Salmon	Fish; A. J. Foyt	Working on the newspaper at 1:00 a.m.	"That's ridiculous!"	(Ask him)	Wine and cheese
T. Schulman	Schulie	In traction	"I'll be at school next week."	To get out of traction	Touch football
D. Small	Point-grubber; Moby Doug; Blues	Following Haury	"Do you swim in the Bay of Pigs?" "Brown, what did you get for number 5?"	Totomoi	Catching for Jeff Peeples
R. Smead	Big Dick; Smeado	Racing through the park on Sunday morning	"Campbell, you \$-&# (!%—"	A Porsche 911 S	Speed limits; radar traps
J. Stevens	JS; Squirrel; French Queer	In the tank; with Big Mama; Apt. C-4	"I swear, we just fell asleep."	To be a Stud; airline pilot	The management of the Allen Hotel
S. Tatum	Danger Dick	At Bushido-do	"It's not mine."	To remain a bachelor	Monday mornings
M. Tidwell	Melvin; Gus; Spot	Chasing R. Rose; in the flower truck	"Sit down and shut up."	To kill Moats	Brylcreme
P. Waugh	Pendleton; Pinky	At the Health Club; buying a pair of white socks	"Mwwaaaaaaahhh!" "Gotta hurt."	Cover man on <i>Body-Building</i> Magazine	Wine, women, and song
J. Weil	Big Jack; Kolman	In the chutes; at the Archway	"You gotta be kidding!"	To be the Pope	Ham sandwiches
P. Worley	Whir; Furman	At Cotton's	"Mr. Carter said I could grow them."	For Johnny Bach to be on Ed Sullivan	Ted Mack; baldness

Service Club Reviewed

After attending the last movie sponsored by the Service Club, on May 18, several writers of the BELL RINGER staff took notice of the lack of interest in this organization by many of its own members. In view of this fact, it perhaps might be worthwhile to consider the membership qualifications of the Service Club and even the value of this organization to the school. Our reason for concern was the fact that only four Service Club members made up the disappointing gathering of students and their dates that watched *Becket*, a motion picture rented at \$100. Had all twenty members really attempted to promote this endeavor instead of making assembly announcements and attended the movie themselves, a much larger crowd would have been guaranteed. When questioned about showing this film that night, two members replied they had forgotten all about it!

The purpose of the club has been to contribute service to the school. Yet except for varnishing some benches and collecting money for the March of Dimes, the club has done little to aid the school. The club was supposed to collect money for the basketball games, but on several occasions, students not in the Service Club had to take over this chore.

Supposedly, membership in the Service Club is open to any Sophomore, Junior, or Senior (up to a certain quota) who is deemed by the existing members as a possible asset to the club in giving service to the school. Yet in the past few years, membership has been awarded mainly to varsity football players. One student was awarded membership after having been enrolled at MBA for less than a month. In this manner students who have been enrolled at MBA for a long period of time and have established a record of service to the school in other extra-curricular activities are passed over for varsity athletes and members of a certain high school fraternity.

If a club is desired for varsity athletes, a Letterman Club should be established, as has been done in many public schools, but membership in the Service Club should be reserved for students who contribute to the school in ways other than on Frank Andrews Field, for instance students who faithfully support all school-sponsored endeavors. The Club should eradicate the present method of choosing members and set up membership on a strict basis of past service to the school. Since there is of course no theoretical limit to the number of boys who can contribute substantially to MBA, the rigid numerical quotas for the Service Club should be abolished. In practice, however, the number of students who have shown definite willingness to put in long hours for the school without hope of reward is fairly small; but anyone who has proved himself willing to dedicate time to the school should be awarded membership in the Service Club.

Certainly this club could be a valuable asset to MBA were its organization and membership policies modified. Then might the Service truly do what it was intended to do, serve the school and all its endeavors whenever asked.

THE BELL RINGER

STEVE NEFF
AARON BROWN
DAVID SALMON
BRETT KIRKPATRICK
HENRY WALKER
RUSS ROSE
MR. BILL NELSON
MR. JOHN RIGGINS

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Super Guru
Grand Dragon
Vice-Presidents
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Layout Editor: GUS KUHN



Once upon a time, there was a great costume party in the tiny kingdom of Wilsonia. This was the king's annual bash, and people from all the neighboring principalities came to the party. The guest list was made up, and the food was prepared. A band was employed to furnish the entertainment. At last came the night of the party, and everyone was dressed up in a different costume. The king and queen of Wilsonia entered down the stairs after all the guests had arrived. The king was dressed up like Snow White and the queen like a poisoned apple. All the guests thought the king and queen looked absolutely smashing. The party raged on until 3 a.m. The king went outside the castle to get a breath of fresh air. As the king, dressed up like Snow White, walked outside, an ogre grabbed him and carried him to the ogre's horse. Ogres' being very stupid, he naturally thought the king was really Snow White. Having tied the king (alias Snow White) to his horse, the ogre got on and rode off into the darkness. All the guests had heard the commotion and had come out to see what was going on. All they saw was the horse riding off into the moonlight. A knight at the party rushed to his horse to give pursuit. Despite the fact that he was in a delicate position (he was, you understand, a modest social drinker), he finally overtook the ogre and captured him. The knight then rushed over and grabbed the king and moved him from the ogre's horse to his own horse. By this time, the knight was sauced, and he also thought the king was Snow White. As both of them rode off into the dawnlight, the king, quite disgusted said, "My mother warned me about days like this, but never about these knights!"

Critique

In approaching critically a work of such complexity and dense thought, let us first of all begin with the title. It becomes immediately apparent that the author, at least initially, has failed. The title in the first place is not exactly four words long; in the second place, it is not a concrete image, and, most unpardonable of all, it is not a quotation from *The Scarlet Letter*!

In attempting to grasp the meaning behind the story, it should first of all be noted that of course the tale is no more about a king's being abducted from a costume party than *Moby Dick* is about a whale. Let us look into the significance of the names. From *king*, we get *kin*, meaning relative or relation. Immediately we know that the story will contain comment on the relativity of truth, knowledge, etc. *Ogre* gives us *groo* (more commonly spelled *grow*); once again, the author foreshadows another of his great themes: growth to maturity—this story has much to say about the old code and the new code, and the need for balance in our lives.

Look now at the opening line. The soft sound of the *c* in *once* is followed closely by the hard *p* of *upon*, a blatant indication that it will be a hard story.

The author tells his story by effective use of dramatic scenes, linked by historical narrative and also of organic unity through repetition. (As we know, all great literature is composed of parallelism and contrasts.)

The author should also be noted for his scenic objectivity and terseness (shades of Hemingway).

The imagery in this story falls into three general categories. First, wonderful mathematics imagery (shades of *Oedipus Rex*). "The party raged on until 3 a.m.;" "king and queen" (equation imagery); $ogre = X$; $king = X$, etc. A second class is nature imagery, wonderfully varied: the ogre took the king to his "horse"; the king went out for a breath of "fresh air." The third is of course snake imagery: the queen was like a "poisoned apple."

What makes the story a legend is the author's elaborate use of local color and dialect: he pictures the warm-hearted (and light-headed) humanity. Notice also the brilliant contrasts: light vs. dark, old vs. new, material vs. spiritual, knowledge vs. ignorance, dry vs. wet.

Wilsonia, like Faulkner's Yoknapatophia County, is a vehicle for the depiction of the universal human condition. Elaborate preparations symbolize the pomp of the materialistic world. The king's Snow White disguise is representative of his naive innocence, highly susceptible to machinations of a corrupt and vicious queen. We thus have at the outset a picture of man, pure and innocent, being set up for the kill by rigid, mechanical society.

The ogre, as will be seen, is the true hero of the story. He is paradoxically and ambiguously both guilty and innocent, saint and sinner, devil and angel. He committed a crime, yes, but at least his was a crime of passion and love, not of hatred and not the moral isolation of another human being.

Laurels for administration

"To be great is to be misunderstood," once asserted Ralph Waldo Emerson. While it is debatable the extent to which Mr. Carter and the MBA administration are misunderstood, there should be no question as to its greatness. In every possible way and in every available field, Mr. Carter has done his best to bring excellence to Montgomery Bell Academy. It has been largely through his patience, dedication, initiative, concern, and willingness to work, that MBA occupies the prominent position that it does in the American educational system.

For example, even though few boys realize it, it is a tremendous financial burden on the school to be able to support such a competitive and comprehensive athletic program for such a small number of students. The athletic program requires some \$50,000 per year to operate. It is especially difficult for Mr. Carter to finance the baseball team, which costs the school substantial sums yet brings in no gate receipts.

A second example of Mr. Carter's dedication to his students is in the field of scholarships. Again, although many students are ignorant of the fact, MBA has a scholarship fund which it maintains through the initiative of Mr. Carter and the cooperation of the alumni. This fund provides tuition money, either in whole or in part, for boys who would otherwise find it difficult or impossible to afford to come to MBA.

Many courses at MBA too would not be available to students were it not for the understanding of Mr. Carter. The biology and especially the chemistry and physics departments require large sums of money to maintain, again for a relatively small number of students. The new laboratory course for physics, instituted in the fall of 1966, cost nearly \$2000, money that Mr. Carter had to raise for the school.



Photo by R. Smead
Nelson pops hubcaps from Isadora for use on his newly-acquired SS 396 Chevelle.

The Patrick Wilson Library, while undeniably an invaluable asset to the school, has not arrived without its special problems, most of which fell squarely on Mr. Carter's shoulders. Countless architectural problems arose, all demanding Mr. Carter's time and effort: during construction, much of the lawn of Wallace Hall was torn up, which Mr. Carter himself has largely replaced; on top of this situation came a painters' strike at a key time during work. Also, the library, while its construction was a gift from Mrs. Potter, will have to be maintained, at a likely cost of several thousand dollars per year, hence placing an ever-increasing burden on Mr. Carter in years to come.

The student government at MBA too owes much to Mr. Carter personally. Mr. Carter has allowed the students, through duly elected Student Council and Honor Council representatives, to have a major voice in crucial disciplinary matters and virtually the sole voice in deciding upon violations of the Honor Code. This year, Mr. Carter has allowed the Student Council the power to police the various campus clubs, a duty formerly not even reserved for the Administration; he has also given the Student Council the major role in deciding on its own constitutional powers and formulating policies for the new library. For this, MBA boys should be grateful, for in most schools the student government's only function is the planning of social events.

Thus do the students of MBA owe much more than they can ever realize to Mr. Carter personally for his administration of MBA. If some students complain that Mr. Carter is too inaccessible to complainers, it is only because he is dedicated to the continuous improvement of the school. As Mr. Carter himself so aptly put it, "I have good reasons for everything I do; I just don't have time to explain them to everybody individually."

MBA Nine ends in slump

MBA 7—Ryan 0

Bob Sadler pitched his second no-hitter of the year as MBA bombed the Purple Panthers 7-0. Sadler, in gaining his fourth win of the year, fanned thirteen and walked one. Peeples, Jones—"Hero of MBA's comeback win over Cumberland"—Herbert, and Sadler lead the hitting.

MBA 4—Cumberland 3

Although Jeff Peeples was on the mound, things looked tough for the Big Red. Cumberland had struck for three runs in the first inning to take a commanding lead. For four more innings, the score remained the same. But in the bottom of the sixth, the Big Red nine started to rally. They managed to push across three runs, thus knotting the score at 3 each. Forced into extra innings, the game came to its climax in the eighth. On the second pitch, Big Red right fielder Bruce Jones smashed the ball over the left fielder's head with the game-winning homer, keeping MBA alive in the Western Division race.

MBA 28—Bellevue 1

MBA tasted its ninth win with a 28-1 shellacking of Bellevue behind the two-hit pitching of Bob Sadler and three-hit pitching of Ed White. Leading the hitters in this wallowing were "Moby Doug" Small, who hit a home run, a triple, and a single, and who knocked in 5 runs, and Bob "Theodore" Sadler who had another home run and a triple with three runs booted in. Injured Buckwheat Banker directed traffic at home plate with his crutches.

MBA 8—Franklin 1

All-Metro Jeff Peeples snapped out of a three game slump with a homer barrage and a sterling relief performance. The husky right hander went 4 for 4, garnering 3 R.B.I.'s. Relief pitcher Ed White got the win and increased his seasonal record to 4-0.

MBA 5—Cohn 0

MBA got its first taste of "major league hurling" as Wayne Garland, Cohn's famed pitching machine, was bombed by the Big Red bats. Learning of Garland's secret ambition to play for Arizona State, the Big Red batsmen were stepped up for the duel. Sending several major league scouts home early were Haury, Peeples, Barkley, Jones, and Holt. Jeff Peeples, Garland's counterpart, fired bullets as he gained his fifth win of the season.

MBA 6—Antioch 2

Bob Sadler captured his fifth win of the season as MBA tipped the Bears 6-2. Settling down after a rocky beginning, Sadler shut out Antioch over the last six innings to get the win. Berry Holt and Sadler led the hitting with two hits and two RBI's apiece.

Cohn 10—MBA 1

Avenge an earlier shellacking by the Big Red, the Black Knights, led by "Cohn Coach" Tony Austin, bombed MBA 10-1. The only hit off Cohn was by Sadler who "swung late on a high outside fastball."

Cohn 8—MBA 0

Cohn gained its second consecutive win over the Big Red as Butch Stinson hurled a fine two-hitter. Leading the MBA hitters were Peeples and Jones.

Overton 1—MBA 0

Overshadowed by Overton's win was one of the finest mound jobs turned in in recent years, by an MBA sophomore. Ed White, versatile young athlete, got the call and yielded only five hits in this disheartening loss. Flashing many signs of future will and potential, White stymied the Cats for all but one inning. Larry Herbert, veteran backstop, garnered two hits off Overton All-city hurler John McLean.



Photo by R. Smead

Sadler, sprouting a new arm from his back, bewilders opponents.

Overton 12—MBA 11

Labeled as the weirdest contest in NIL annals, MBA and Overton slugged it out for the Western Division Championship on a sweltering Saturday. Temperatures and earned run averages climbed as the teams lashed out a total of 27 hits apiece. Leading MBA's attack was Bill Husband, who capped a fine athletic year with six R.B.I.'s. Bob Sadler, Ed White, and Berry Holt all took turns on the mound. The whole contest boiled down to one pitch as Joe Carter punched a high fastball for Overton to right field, planting the tying and winning tallies on base.

Summary

Beset by nagging injuries and mental sluggishness during the two disastrous losses to Cohn, MBA bounded back and

played spirited baseball, only to lose to Overton 1-0 and 12-11. Gaining needed experience and displaying a finely coordinated team effort, MBA looks to the future. Challenging for individual honors next year will be Peeples, this year's NIL Most Valuable Player; Holt; Jones; Husband; and White. The key to a successful season will, once again, hinge on the right arms of pitchers Peeples, White, and Holt. The formation of MBA's Gilbert League team as well as a rest for some sore arms should contribute toward a drive for a state championship culminating in early June. This fast-improving baseball program, under the direction of Coaches Bennett and Tillman, plays a large and important part in continuing the tradition of athletic excellence established at Montgomery Bell Academy.



Photo by R. Smead

Charging after Babe Ruth's record, Peeples hits another of his long list of home runs.

Editors' advice to Hoi Poloi

The next time that you are engaged in a very sophisticated conversation and a topic is being discussed of which you have little or no knowledge, all one needs to do is to jump up and with a twinkle in his eye and smile on his lips utter these words:

Yes, friends; but you must remember this too: that when the train crosses the bridge by the moonlight, the empty boxcar rattles the most.

and then walk blithely away, with the air of an erudite Cambridge professor of philosophy, astounding all present with your great wisdom.

National convention of Cosa Nostra meets

BROWLEE O. CURREY GYMNASIUM, JUNE 1, 1968

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The Belle



Photo courtesy Cosmopolitan Funeral Home

In this, the final edition of the 1967-1968 *Bell Ringer*, we would like to extend special recognition to Miss Imogene Kowalski, a true beauty associated with MBA for many years. Imogene is a student at Miss Martha Greensboro's Finishing School for Young Misses (MMGFSYM), where she now serves as president of the Student Council, Honor Council, Key Club, and Rest Room Monitor Squad.

Outside her busy school life, Miss Kowalski has been a member of STE Preparatory School Sorority for three years, and this year serves as its beauty and fashion representative. She is also a member of the Primm Springs Chapter of Future Farmers of America and was recently chosen "Miss F.F.A. of Podunk, Tennessee."

In her spare time (when she is not at the Warner Park Drive-In with Gary Moats), Imogene practices her basket-weaving and her planned spinsterhood program. Next fall Miss Kowalski will attend White Bluff Junior College for Spastics where she plans to major in eccentricity. This would be a great end to the teenage career of a small-town girl who made good.

Rule tapped for Totomoi . . .

(Continued from page 1)

BELL RINGER; and he also began the Glee Club, the ancestor of the present-day MBA Chorus.

Outside of his work at MBA, Mr. Rule is moonlighting as a writer of lyrics for country music songs. From the monetary proceeds he has earned as a songwriter, he is financing a trip to Europe this summer.

For all his contributions to MBA, for his inspiration to his students and fellow teachers, and for his undying interest in the community, Totomoi is proud to salute Mr. James C. Rule as its newest member.

Clubs elect future leaders

The following juniors have been elected to lead the various campus organizations next year:

Big Red Club

President Berry Holt
Vice-President Mac Pirkle
Secretary-treasurer J. B. Marks
Historian Lee Steinhouse

Forensic Club

President Henry Walker
Vice-president Brett Kirkpatrick
Secretary-treasurer Bruce Crabtree
Program chairman Jim Alderman
Tommy Summers

Dramatics Club

President Tommy Barton
Vice-president John Testement
Secretary Brett Kirkpatrick
Treasurer Bob Tiger



Photo by Big Dick

"I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." Senior Class, after triumphant seige, plants battle flag on the Ball building.

hopes to come out rich

Class of '68 goes into jungle

As June rolls around and thoughts on the Hill turn to graduation, it becomes time for fond remembrances as well as queries into the future. Preparing to bid farewell to the "Hallowed Halls" of MBA, the Class of 1968 would like to look back on the four years and reminisce.

We, of the Senior Class, entered the high school section of MBA in 1964, somewhat enlarged in membership over the present 57. In spite of the losses to the inevitable hazards of the upper four years at MBA, the Class of '68 has left a legacy of achievements that will remain for many years.

Turning to athletics, we see that the '68ers have led the Big Red teams to an impressive string of triumphs. In football, during our three-year tenure on the varsity, we have compiled a 25-5-1 record, culminating in a State Championship this year. Nor have we neglected other sports. Basketball has been ably supported by the seniors, developing from a minor sport into a district champion team. Wrestling and golf also owe much to our class for the strong finishes in matches in the past three years. However, in tennis the Class of '68 was possibly the most successful. For three years the Big Red had two of the most talented tennis players in the state, both graduating seniors.

In academics, it is more difficult to uncover accomplishments since the members of the class compete

only among themselves for such scholastic honors as medals and places on the privileged list. However, it is significant to note that one member of our class, our valedictorian, has been in classes with members of upper grades and has taken the medals from the older students in six of these courses. Also, one may look at the scores achieved on national tests by the graduating class. With almost 100% of its students above the 90th percentile in the National Education Development Tests, this year's graduating class must rank among the best in the nation. The several 800's and 700's on college boards will also attest to the academic prowess of the class, as will the nine National Merit Finalists and the Merit Scholarship winner from our class.

In the fields of student government and service to the school, the Senior Class has also excelled. While having always been ably represented by its officers, the Class of '68 was especially well-led this year. Under the guidance of the Seniors, improvements were made in many long-standing MBA traditions. The process of selecting members to Totomoi was scrutinized and improvements suggested. It is significant to note that the Senior led Honor Council tried fewer cases than in any recent years. This is itself attests to the leadership of the Senior Class.

Under this leadership, a Student

Council Constitution was drawn up and approved by students and faculty. This constitution, intended to define and enumerate the powers of the Student Council, will hopefully become a welcome addition to the system of student government at MBA.

In the fields of service to the school and the community, the Class of '68 has done everything from collecting money for Crippled Children to refinishing benches for the students here at MBA. Truly an outstanding group, the members of this year's Senior Class have led the school's support of its athletic teams in ways ranging from the organization of "Soul" cheerleaders to collecting money and ushering at ballgames. Always ready to lend a hand to a good cause, this year's seniors have pitched in readily, whether it be raking leaves on the grounds, directing traffic in the parking lot, or making school functions successful. The school will long remember this class's accomplishments.

Thus it is, with many fond memories, that the Class of 1968 looks back on the years on the "Hill." This is the class which ushered in a new century to MBA. We sincerely hope that this will be a century of success. As we turn from the campus, let us remember the legacy that we were members of the class which started MBA on to its second glorious century.

Amen.

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